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The New Gateway

TO THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT AMBATONAKANGA.

By the Rev. T. T. Matthews.

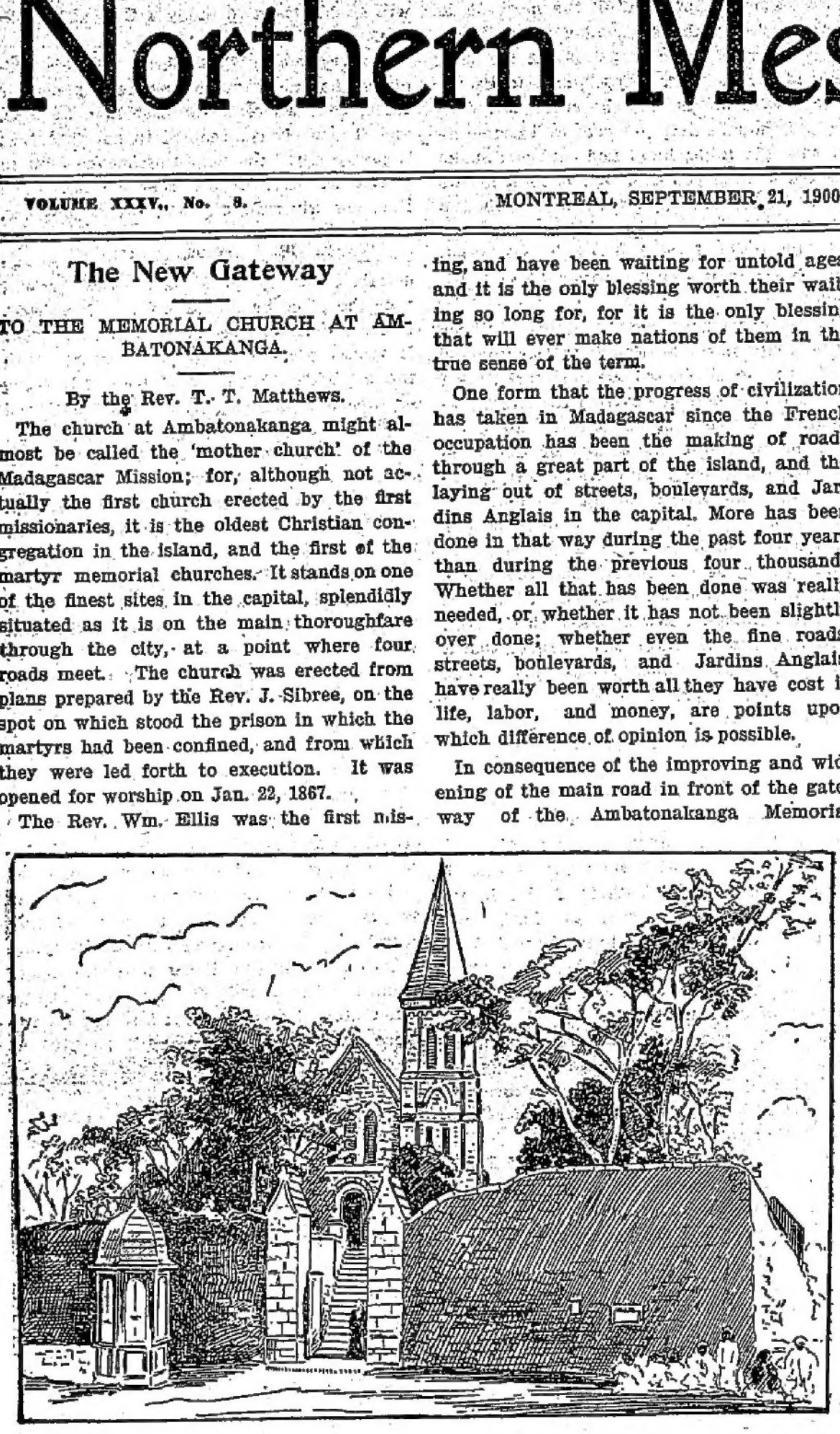
The church at Ambatonakanga might almost be called the 'mother church' of the Madagascar Mission; for, although not actually the first church erected by the first missionaries, it is the oldest Christian congregation in the island, and the first of the martyr memorial churches. It stands on one of the finest sites in the capital, splendidly situated as it is on the main thoroughfare through the city, at a point where four roads meet. The church was erected from plans prepared by the Rev. J. Sibree, on the spot on which stood the prison in which the martyrs had been confined, and from which they were led forth to execution. It was opened for worship on Jan. 22, 1867.

The Rev. Wm. Ellis was the first missionary to have charge of the congregation at Ambatonakanga after the reopening of the mission in 1862. He was followed by the Rev. G. Cousins, on whose removal to the newly-founded College for Native Agents in 1870, the late Rev. C. F. Moss was appointed to the charge of the church. Since 1882 the church has been under the charge of the writer of this article.

There have been many changes in Madagascar since the Ambatonakanga Memorial Church was erected, especially during recent years, and some few improvements. Some of the improvements have taken the form of compelling the people to mend their ways, and make new ones—that is, their material ways. I am not at all certain that they have been very much led by recent events, and the introduction of certain forms and phases of so-called civilization, to mend their moral ways very much, and I am a good deal more than doubtful if ever they will be so led. Christian civilization—the placing of the Law of the Lord on the earth as the rule of life—is the blessing for which the nations of heathendom are waiting, and have been waiting for untold ages, and it is the only blessing worth their waiting so long for, for it is the only blessing that will ever make nations of them in the true sense of the term.

One form that the progress of civilization has taken in Madagascar since the French occupation has been the making of roads through a great part of the island, and the laying out of streets, boulevards, and Jardins Anglais in the capital. More has been done in that way during the past four years than during the previous four thousand! Whether all that has been done was really needed, or whether it has not been slightly over done; whether even the fine roads, streets, boulevards, and Jardins Anglais, have really been worth all they have cost in life, labor, and money, are points upon which difference of opinion is possible.

In consequence of the improving and widening of the main road in front of the gateway of the Ambatonakanga Memorial Church, a good deal of money has had to be spent, which, had promises been fulfilled, and agreements carried out in good faith, would not have been chargeable to the funds of the society. When the work of improving the main thoroughfare in front of the Ambatonakanga gateway was set about under the civil regime, while M. Laroche was at the head of affairs in the island, they began by lowering the road ten feet, which left our gateway far above the level of the new road, and a pile of rough stones had to be placed in front of the gateway, over which we had to climb to get into the church yard. In return for our renouncing our rights to the piece of ground in front of the gateway, in order that the thoroughfare might be widened at that part, the French engineer, who was at the head of the Board of Works, undertook to erect a flight of steps from the road to the gateway, and we had a letter of agreement from him to that effect. Changes came, however, before the work was ever begun, and when we came under the military regime, we found that the authorities did not hold themselves in any way responsible for carrying out agreements made by the civil powers, although they had been made in the name of the French Government. In fact, we found that they were two different firms, and this 'side of the street' had no connection whatever with the other side. After a good deal of being driven from pillar to post, and post to pillar (into the details of which it is not worth entering), we found we should have to do what was required—after getting permission to do it—for ourselves. From a plan prepared by Mr. Sibree we erected the present gateway (see illustration); after lowering the ground to the level of the road, and by putting all the steps inside, instead of out, as was at first proposed, we saved our gateway from becoming the lounging place for the riff-raff of the neighborhood, and even made it more private than it formerly was. We proved the truth of the saying that, 'If you want a thing well done, you must do it yourself.' We had to pay the piper, which was hardly fair; but, after all, I think it was the best way, as well as the only one, and it was worth all that it has cost, which is saying a good deal. The thing is done now, and is never likely to require being done again, and seeing that we have now such a really handsome gateway, the best thing to do is to be as thankful as we can that it has been so well done, is such an ornament to the place, and did not cost more than it did.—'London Missionary Society Chronicle.'



THE NEW GATEWAY AT AMBATONAKANGA CHURCH.

The University Professor and the Poor Cobbler.

A highly distinguished man of letters and a professor of history in the University of Paris, also the author of a voluminous work which gained for him a high and wide reputation, was paying a visit at the chateau of a lady near Lyons, where he met Pastor Fisch, says a writer in 'Zion's Watchman.' The professor, like many other unreflecting unbelievers, sat in the midst of many cross-lights of the intellect, and could see nothing distinctly in the moral world, for his dazzling sword fence of wit and learning seemed effectually to bar all approach to him with the truth.

One day as Pastor Fisch was walking in the grounds of the chateau, reading the Scriptures, he met Prof. T., who remarked to him, 'I have had a great admiration of your conduct as a Christian and have wished to know what are the principles that seem to produce such an effect in your life? If you have any book which states the doctrines you profess and the principles by which you live, I should be glad to read it.

'I have,' replied the pastor, 'an admirable treatise written by one of the early converts to the Christian faith; I will lend it to you; it is the letter of the Apostle Paul to the Christians at Rome.'

'Nonsense,' said the professor, 'I have repeatedly read it and found it an unintelligible jargon.'

'Well,' was the reply, 'this is the systematic and the same authoritative exposition of my faith, and I would have you read it carefully.'

A few days after this they met, and, in

answer to Pastor Fisch's inquiry if he had fulfilled his promise to read the book once more, Professor T. said: 'I have, but it is perfect nonsense. I read the first chapter and found it unintelligible. The second chapter was worse; when I reached the third I threw the book on the ground in disgust. If anything were wanting to show that this religion is a juggle and a delusion, this Epistle of Paul is sufficient; wherever it seems at all intelligent it is full of contradictions; this fact goes far to disprove your principles.

'A religion coming from God should be so easily understood, that the most ignorant could at once comprehend it. I once thought it was good enough for old women and peasants, but now I know it is impossible for them to understand it, for I who have been all my lifetime in intellectual pursuits and have been elevated to a professorship in the University of Paris, can make nothing of it. Your Bible is a thousand times worse.'

To this sally it was replied that human learning and human ignorance were both opposed to a real scriptural acquaintance with the Scriptures, the former more conspicuously than the latter, and in any case the Spirit of God must open the heart and understanding before he could receive the word of life.

'This,' said Pastor Fisch, 'is what the Scriptures themselves teach, and I sometimes find under this teaching, the illiterate understand the Bible better than I do. I will give you proof of this if you will accompany me this morning to the workshops of the lowest and most unlettered of my flock, a poor cobbler in Lyons.'

'A good joke, truly,' said the self-confident professor, but was assured that the proposal was made in good earnest. 'Well,' he added, 'I shall be glad to see one of those wonderful ignoramuses, who understands the Epistle to the Romans better than you do. You may rely on it, I shall put him to the test in accepting your invitation.'

Accordingly the Christian Pastor and skeptic philosopher set out on a visit to the poor cobbler's stall.

On introducing the scholar to the stall and its occupant, Pastor Fisch remarked that there was but one vacant stool, and scarcely standing room for three persons.

'Well, friend,' said Professor T., when they were left alone, 'Pastor Fisch tells me you profess to know something of the Scriptures. We are here alone and I will tell no one of what will pass, but just confess that you do not understand that book, for it stands to reason that if I, an educated man and a teacher in the university can make nothing out of it, still less can you, whom I perceive to be an illiterate man.'

'Oh! but I have something that you have not with all your learning,' said the cobbler.

'And what is that, I pray?'

'The Holy Spirit,' said the Christian solemnly, 'and if you are brought to ask for light from him, you, too, will understand the Scriptures.' He then told, in his own simple way, the story of God's dealing with his soul; how he had shown him that he was a ruined and helpless sinner, and how, when he saw this he was led to see in Jesus a perfect Saviour, just as he needed, and how, in looking to Jesus, he found all his sins washed away, received a new nature, and became a temple of the Holy Ghost, who taught him the things of God out of the Scriptures.

Professor T. remained all the morning in conversation with his humble instructor.

On entering the dining-room at the chateau at a late hour, he exclaimed to Pastor Fisch, with an emotion he could not conceal, 'I thought that you were well acquainted with the Bible, but I find that you spoke the truth when you said your cobbler knows it far better than you do. I have had a lesson to-day such as I never had before.'

In truth the Lord had opened the skeptic's heart, and the Scriptures became his delight.

'I have studied again,' he said, 'these three chapters of the Epistle to the Romans that once so displeased me, but this time I did so in dependence on God for enlightenment. In the first chapter I saw how man had lost the knowledge of God, and had framed a deity after his own imagination, and had become utterly corrupt. In the second I saw how the chosen people, with his revelation in their minds, had followed the same course and that the whole race was involved in a common ruin. In the third chapter I saw that I, with the rest, high and low, ignorant and learned, was a ruined, hopeless sinner before God. That was the truth which I would not see before and which provoked my indignation. But I saw also that Jesus Christ was indeed sent to be a propitiation for my sins. Was it the Holy Spirit that showed me all this?'

'Yes,' was the reply, 'none else could show you your ruin or your salvation.'

'Then,' said he with solid tenderness, 'I am a son of God by faith in Christ Jesus, and, because I am a son, God hath sent forth the spirit of his Son in my heart.' Sitting at the feet of Jesus, he has ever since been placing himself on the lowest form, learning of spiritual things.

Although regarded with contemptuous pity in circles where he once was distinguished and honored, he esteems the reproach of Christ greater riches than all he relinquishes for him.

He now understands the paradox of Paul: 'If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool that he may be wise.'—'Union Gospel News.'

Prepare Ourselves For a Prepared Place

('Ram's Horn.')

'I wish I knew; I wish I knew!' murmured the Girl-Who-Dreams.

'What is it you want to know?' asked Uncle Bez, who had overheard her wish.

'Why, it seems to me,' replied the Girl-Who-Dreams, 'that the trials and troubles of this life might be borne a great deal more easily, if we only knew what heaven and the hereafter are like. I wish the Bible was a little more explicit on some points.'

'My dear girl,' replied Uncle Bez, 'don't you worry about heaven. It doesn't require very much faith to believe that heaven will be a place plenty good enough for the souls of the men and women we are. The thing for us to be really concerned about is not whether heaven is good enough for us, but whether we are good enough for heaven. I have heard folks talk about heaven like it was a summer resort, and the Almighty was a hotel keeper: they have said they would like this and would not like that, and they hoped it was thus and so, just like they were picking out a house to rent, forgetting all the time that heaven is perfection, and their business is not to pick out the kind of heaven they'd like to have—a man-made heaven—but to try to attain to that degree of righteousness which will enable them to enjoy a God-made heaven.

'You remember that Christ told his disciples that he went to prepare a place for them, that where he is they may be also, and it has always seemed to me that that is pretty much the whole of heaven—where Christ is. It doesn't matter what it is like, nor what we will do; Christ is there, and he has 'promised' for those who love and follow him. I'm willing to leave the details of the preparation to him; I will take the place he prepares for me, on trust. I won't demand specifications in advance. It wasn't wise to draw up a contract with the Almighty; for the best we can imagine or dream of to ask for, is very small and trifling beside what God has to give us.

'And as Christ has prepared the place, so does he show us the way to it. He, himself, is the way—that is, it is only through and by Christ that man may be saved; there is none other name under heaven.'

'But, Uncle Bez,' said the Girl-Who-Dreams, 'I can't see what difference it would make to the great God of the universe whether some poor weak little man "believed" on him or not. I wouldn't want to punish a person forever and forever, just because she didn't "believe" in me.'

'No,' replied Uncle Bez, 'you wouldn't. But suppose you have decided to feed the birds, and you scatter crumbs in the back yard where they can all come and eat your crumbs, except one young bird who thinks he's very wise, and who cocks up one eye and says he doesn't believe any such girl as you exists, and that there aren't any crumbs in the yard, and they aren't good, anyway. Suppose there were no other crumbs in the neighborhood excepting those you scattered and that the bird sat on the fence and didn't believe, until he died of starvation. You would think that very just, wouldn't you? Well, it's just the same way with men and women. Christ is the way to eternal life; there is no other way; if men and women will not walk in that way, then they must suffer the consequences which they bring upon themselves. If they will not love good things, they cannot be good; if they do not know Christ, they cannot walk with him; they cannot feel his presence, they cannot find the way to God.

'And more than that,' Uncle Bez went on, 'Christ is not only the revelation of the way—he is also the source of the power by which men walk in it. He is both a guide and a stay; he leads and supports. And that is why I said that if I were you I would not worry about what heaven is like; I would try to find Christ on earth, to feel his presence, and so be sure of having heaven here and now resting assured that all is right in the place that he has prepared for them who love him.'—Johnstone Murray.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN HEBREWS.

Sept. 23, Sun.—Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the children of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

Sept. 24, Mon.—He endured as seeing him who is invisible.

Sept. 25, Tues.—Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

Sept. 26, Wed.—Partakers of his holiness.

Sept. 27, Thurs.—Make straight paths for your feet.

Sept. 28, Fri.—Follow peace with all men.

Sept. 29, Sat.—Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Is Anything Too Hard for the Lord?

A TRUE INCIDENT.

(By L. Thompson, in 'Light in the Home.')

'Can you make up this prescription while I wait? It is only a tonic pill,' asked a gentleman, entering a chemist's.

'Certainly,' was the reply. 'But these pills, however few in number, require great care in making up, especially in pressing one of the ingredients with pestle and mortar. It will take nearly twenty minutes to prepare. Shall I not send it?'

'No, thank you—I prefer waiting.' And the gentleman took a seat and began reading the labels on a regiment of bottles, each professing to work wonders on the constitution, when a carriage dashed up to the door and a doctor sprang out.

'Mr. Russell, will you make this up instantly, and send it into No. 42? Life and death hang upon it, so do not fail.' And handing over the prescription the doctor vanished. The chemist and his assistant were hidden from view for the next quarter of an hour except for rapid darts at various-sized bottles on high shelves.

At last Mr. Russell appeared at his front counter. 'So very sorry to have detained you thus,' said he to the gentleman, as he folded up a small box of pills in white paper and sealed it with red wax. The next moment it was handed over, paid for, and the owner hastened away.

Mr. Russell turned to finish the physician's prescription when he noticed one of the large bottles on the top shelf turned the wrong way, and a vacant place next to it. The missing bottle was by the side of the assistant.

'What made you take that bottle from here?' asked the chemist, in an alarmed excited tone, as he ran up the ladder to make sure.

'I took it down for that gentleman's pills,' replied his assistant, without looking up from the measuring glass into which he was counting drops. The next instant it fell from his hands with a crash at a cry of terror and horror from Mr. Russell.

'Dermot, you have poisoned him! You have taken the wrong bottle! Which way did he go?'

And with a blanched face, clearing the counter with a bound, he rushed out into the darkness after the unfortunate man, calling out, 'Gentleman from chemist, stop! Stop him! Gentleman with pills, stop!'

Boys thought he had stolen something, so 'Stop thief!' was added to their cries.

The assistant in a dazed manner darted down the street in the opposite direction, trying to call back the doomed owner of the pills, but his throat and tongue seemed paralyzed. At last he turned a corner and came into collision with his master.

'In vain!' 'Hopeless!' were their words; and then the two men returned in silence, and when they re-entered the shop the gas revealed two white horror-stricken faces.

'Will it kill? Must it?' asked the assistant.

'Did you give the same number of grains as prescribed, the same as you would have given from the right bottle?'

'Yes.'

'Then that is certain death!'

The door flew open and the two men started. It was only a boy for some mixture; then some other customers came in. They were served in a mechanical way, and the minute they were gone Mr. Russell ordered the shop to be closed.

'It is early yet, sir,' hesitated the boy. 'A great many come in now.'

'I know it; but I would far rather lose all the evening custom than keep watching the door for the bearers of the most awful tidings that a man can have. Put the shutters up to the door as well. 'I do not wish any one to enter.'

Presently all was still. The boy had gone off with the physician's prescription to No. 42, and then on with the last round of medicines. Mr. Russell went into his private room for a time, and when he came back, the assistant was sitting on a stool behind the counter, his head buried in his hands.

'Dermot, the things that are impossible with men are possible with God.'

'Miracles are not wrought in these days,' replied the young man, raising a white face and lips. 'I have committed murder! Do not say, "No, no," for you know I have. Manslaughter is the same thing. I shall be tried for that. My poor mother!'

'Dermot, come in here,' said Mr. Russell. 'Let us ask the great, all-powerful Physician to overrule this fearful mistake. Let us plead his promise, which is a command: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My father which is in heaven."'

And so they did; Mr. Russell praying with a strong, earnest faith, and his young assistant with an almost despairing cry to him who is able to 'do all things.'

The grey dawn of morning penetrated through the shutters ere they retired to rest, expecting to be called at any moment. At last the chemist set the example of seeking some repose, and insisted upon his companion doing the same. The latter tried to sleep, but had fearful dreams of being taken up, put in prison, and then a long trial. He had just been declared guilty after an awful suspense during the absence of the jury. The judge was in the act of passing sentence, when he awoke in agony, to find he had not been asleep half an hour. Fearing a repetition of the nightmare, he rose and went downstairs again; and when Mr. Russell appeared some hours later, he found him lying on the sofa, looking very white, his eyes fixed on the wall, as if contemplating some fearful picture.

They passed a wretched day, the sudden opening of the door causing them to start. They dreaded the appearance of any customer, and looked anxiously at every stranger who entered. The newspapers—especially the evening ones—were eagerly scanned, for they expected to see in one of the columns, 'Strange Death. Supposed Poison. Sudden Death of a Gentleman.' The obituary was anxiously looked through on the following day, and 'The Death of a Gentleman under Suspicious Circumstances' in the immediate neighborhood read with fear and trembling. The assistant was with difficulty prevented from hastening to inquire. On the fourth day there was an account of an inquest in the 'Times.' A gentleman had died very suddenly, under strange circumstances, and strong suspicion rested on the page-boy.

'I must go and find out all about the case,' said young Dermot. 'I cannot have that

poor lad hung for me,' as Mr. Russell handed back the paper with, 'Wait and trust. There is nothing mentioned as to medicine, only coffee and soup. Wait for further intelligence.'

Each evening the two met in the back room to commit the case to the Great Physician. On the fifth night, as Mr. Russell opened the Bible, he glanced at his assistant. He was looking ill and haggard, as if he had passed through a long illness, but meeting his eye he tried to pull himself together, then he folded his arms on the table and buried his head in them, murmuring, 'I fear I cannot bear the suspense much longer.'

'Dermot, instead of casting your burden on the Lord, you are casting away your confidence,' said his friend. 'God does not yet point the way to give ourselves up.'

'Ourselves!' repeated the assistant, surprised. 'Ourselves! Why, you have nothing to do with it! It was all my fault.'

'It is my shop; I am the responsible party. It will be said that I ought to have mixed the pills, myself,' said Mr. Russell. 'Look where my Bible has opened, Dermot. "Ah Lord God! behold thou hase made the heaven and the earth by thy great power, and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee." That shall be the key-note of our prayers to-night.',

When they rose, Mr. Russell pointed to the next page, almost even with the other verse. 'Here is the Lord's gracious answer: "Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for Me?" Let us cling to that, for he whose eyes run to and fro, to show himself strong on behalf of those whose hearts are perfect towards him, is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we either ask or think.'

At that moment there was a loud ring at the door bell. The assistant hastened to answer it, followed by Mr. Russell. A gentleman entered. 'Surely you have closed very early. I——'

He was interrupted and startled by the assistant standing speechless before him, with an eager searching look in his eyes, and trembling in every limb; while Mr. Russell, with a white face and quivering lip, placing a very shaky hand on his arm, exclaimed, 'It is you—it is you! Thank God, it is you! Oh, thank him, praise him, that you are alive and well!'

'Alive? Yes, I am alive! Why what is the matter?' inquired the gentleman.

'The pills! What about the pills?' gasped young Dermot, with another fear in his mind that possibly someone else might have taken them.

'Oh, I forgot all about those precious tonic pills. What would my doctor say? But I am quite well,and no thanks to either of you,' said their visitor laughing. Then perceiving the strange excitement, he instantly became grave, adding, 'What is it? There is something wrong!'

'Your forgetting to take them was just God's preventing mercy,' said Mr. Russell, with a great tremor in his voice. 'Had you taken them, you would most likely—yes, in all probability you would—have been a dead man. By a fearful mistake they were poisoned.'

'Poisoned!' repeated the gentleman, starting back at the words.

'Come into my room, and we will tell you all about it,' said the chemist, leading the way; and when they were seated the whole facts as I have written them were related to him, he listening with rapt attention and a changing countenance, till Mr. Russell concluded with—'Your ring was in answer to an almost despairing cry to our great Physician, and your entrance has proved the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God.'

'He has indeed put forth a restraining mighty hand,' said the gentleman in a deeply moved tone. 'For I have a very good memory, and as my wife said this morning, it was most extraordinary that they should have utterly gone out of my mind. She will indeed be surprised when she sees me throw them into the fire. I can imagine her deep gratitude for my wonderful preservation. Thank you both for the honorable way in which you have acted. I may speak of this miracle to people, that their faith may be increased in a prayer-answering God. But the spot where it occurred will never be uttered by me. I deeply sympathize with you in the suffering you have endured during the days and nights of terrible suspense. Let the prayer I interrupted be turned to praise. My life has been saved from destruction through a miracle.'

'And we have been saved from a life agony worse than death,' replied Mr. Russell.

A few minutes more and the three parted with a prolonged grasp of the hand, too deeply moved for words.

Dr. Moon, the Friend of the Blind.

('Light in the Home.')

It is not seldom that we have to thank God for our losses. The good man of whose life we are going to give a sketch might well thank his Heavenly Father for the loss of the precious gift of sight. And many another blind person had reason to be thankful also, for his loss was emphatically their gain. He was the means of bringing brightness and joy in the life of those whose days had been dark and cheerless before. He taught them not only to read, but to know the way of peace. In more than one respect he was indeed 'eyes to the blind.' To use his own words, 'God gave me blindness as a talent to be used for his glory. Without blindness I should never have been able to see the needs of the blind.'

William Moon was born at Horsemonden, in Kent, on Dec. 18, 1818. When he was four years old he had an attack of scarlet fever which resulted in the loss of the sight of one eye. From this time, notwithstanding every effort which the doctors could use, his sight gradually failed, until the twenty-first year of his age, when he became totally blind. His mother one day asked him to go an errand for her. There was not the outstretched arm to receive the parcel held out to him. 'Are you too proud to carry a parcel for your mother?' The sad explanation was given in the answer—'Mother, I am blind.'

Despair, or at any rate disheartened indolence, is liable to lay its hands upon those who are cut off from so many of the opportunities and pleasures of life in blindness. But young Moon would not have anything to do with either despair or indolence. He spent no time in useless regrets, but at once turned his attention to his own improvement, and the amelioration of the lot of those who were in the same circumstances as himself. He found a great helper in his sister. We are told that so eager was he to learn that often would he rise from bed in the night, go to his sister's room, light her candle and ask her to read from the book he had brought with him. Some little time before he had completely lost his sight, he had learnt to read from Frere's embossed type. The power of reading he valued so much that at once he wished to share it with the others. He began to seek for and teach other blind persons at their homes. Truly his happy lot was to bring 'Light in the Home.' He also formed a class at his own house at Brighton. This class, after occupying various quarters, developed into the Asylum for the Blind, in Eastern Road, Brighton.

Young Moon was not satisfied with the type then in use for reading by the blind. It was difficult to decipher, and a great tax upon the memory. He determined to construct a new and better system. He was so successful that 'Moon's' system has been the most used ever since it was founded. It has proved to be well adapted to the needs of the blind, being simple in its alphabet, and easily learned even by the aged, and those whose fingers have been hardened by work. By using this system, a lad, who had in vain tried for five years to learn to read by other systems, was able in ten days to read easy sentences. Lord Hatherley, the late Lord Chancellor, adds his testimony in its favor. When nearly deprived of sight, he learned the Moon finger alphabet in three hours.

Mr. Moon was an example of perseverance. No toil or self-denial was too great, when the welfare of the blind was concerned. He was desirous of stereotyping the plates in his type at a small cost. Many were the difficulties he had to face in the course of his experiments. After his family were in bed he busied himself with his experiments with a lighted candle, the burning of his fingers from time to time in no wise discouraging him. Nor was he discouraged by the ridicule thrown on his system by the advocates of other modes. He knew that time would justify his cause, and prove how great a benefit he had bestowed upon his fellow-sufferers.

Dr. Moon's type was soon applied to foreign languages; the first being Irish, and the second Chinese. Blindness is specially common in China. The good man longed that its multitudes should have the means of reading the Scriptures. He soon caught the difficult sounds, and dictated the syllables to his amanuensis. The native who had repeated the Lord's Prayer to him in Chinese, found the next day that it had been committed to the embossed page, the result of a night's hard work. Dr. Moon read aloud to him the words, 'Woo Ting Foo.' The Chinaman sprang from his seat, and patting his benefactor on the chest and back exclaimed, 'Oh, you got "Our Father," you got "our Father"—you shall have some tea!'

Dr. Moon found a most helpful fellow-worker amongst the blind of London in a certain Miss Graham. Their aim was to systematically visit the blind from house to house in their own homes. In 1855 was founded the society which has been of untold value to the blind throughout the country. It was entitled 'The Society for the supplying Home Teachers and Books in Moon's Type for the Blind,' the Earl of Shaftesbury becoming its president. The two earnest workers frequently spent whole days in searching out or doing something for the blind, their kindly work sometimes occupying them from nine o'clock in the morning till nine or ten in the evening. The first home teacher was William Cooper, himself a blind man, as have been the greater number of his successors. There are now more than eighty of these societies with their teachers, and at least 200,000 volumes are circulated annually. Only those who have been connected with one or more of the societies know what these figures mean. They only know what a difference there is between the condition of the blind before and after the visits of the home teachers commenced. Long, long hours were

spent in misery by the sightless ones, who seemed cut off from the world and its pleasures. But now what a contrast! Not only the enjoyment of the visit of the teacher, who tells them especially of what God is to them, and the bright home beyond, when those who see not now shall see. Not only this, but also the occupation for hours which he leaves behind him—those books which turn days of listless idleness into days of happy enjoyment. Truly this good man, with a constant desire to be like his Master in going about doing good, has been a blessing to thousands. Truly light has been brought to many a dark home.

Let us hear the sentiments of one or two who have enjoyed the newly-acquired boon of reading. 'I would not take a hundred pounds to give up my books,' said a bedridden man. An inmate of a workhouse learned to read in one lesson, and afterwards declared, 'These books are my comfort day and night.' 'Often,' said a blind woman, 'since I have been deprived of sight, I have taken up the Bible and kissed it with a sad heart at the thought that I could never read its beloved pages; but now, thanks to you, I can read the words of my Saviour for myself.' The name is legion of those who, through reading the Scriptures in Moon's type, have been lead to realize the light, and life of the Gospel. At the last day thousands will come from all lands to testify to this means which God has so greatly blessed. Dr. Moon has adapted his alphabet to nearly five hundred languages. Well might he rejoice as he realized that now 'the sun never sets upon His Word given to the blind.'

Dr. Moon found another great helper whom God had blessed with wealth, and blessed, too, with the loss of sight. Sir Charles Lowther lost his sight when he was an infant. This good Christian lived to a great extent for his fellow-sufferers. His special pleasure was to present the embossed books to the free lending libraries for the blind. In the course of five years he distributed in this way nearly 10,000 volumes.

England did not enjoy alone the benefit of Dr. Moon's presence and effort. His travels in the good cause were abundant. Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland, Germany, and Sweden were amongst the countries he visited. In Sweden he had an interview of an hour's length with the Queen, who, with other members of the royal family, greatly rejoiced in the blessed results of his work. The blind in Asia, Africa, America and Australasia, as well as in Europe, through his labors, were admitted to the privilege of reading God's Word for themselves. And greatly did many appreciate this privilege. A certain blind girl in Cairo had learnt to read. Her instructor was leaving for England. 'Are you going to England, and shall you see the gentleman who sent the books?' was her enquiry. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, her next words were, 'Please tell him, when you see him, I am so hungry. I want all the Bible.'

The two great objects and occupations of Dr. Moon's life were his work among the blind and the preaching of the Gospel. Often was he tired in these labors, but never of them. Very happy was he in his work. At an address in Durham, under the presidency of the Bishop of Durham, he declared that he could say from his heart that he would change places with no other man in the world. His evangelistic labors were much blessed. One example may be given of what took place at a meeting in Dublin, in his own words. 'At the close of one of the meetings in Dublin, at which I had been speaking, an elderly gentleman came forward to speak with me. "May I be allowed," said he, "to ask a few questions? I am desirous of hearing from you further how my soul may be saved." "Read the third chapter of St. John very carefully," I replied. "and pray that you may understand it." "What shall I do then?" "Read it again." "And what then, sir?" "Read it again and again, particularly the sixteenth and thirty-sixth verses, till you feel every word is written for yourself. Then you will learn, in the words of Jesus, how we can be saved." "When shall you again speak in public?" he inquired. I said "To-morrow, at N——, about forty miles from here." "Then I shall be there," he said. The next day, when we were returning by railway after the meeting had been held, our carriage door was suddenly opened at the first station at which the train stopped, and Mr. C—— entered, accompanied by another gentleman, whom he seated by my side, saying to him in a strong Irish accent, "Sit you there, man, and he'll tell you how your soul can be saved," and then retired. The next time the train stopped the door was again opened, and again Mr. C—— entered, and taking by the arm the gentleman he had before brought to me, he said, "Come out, man, and let another come; for his soul must be saved." This he repeated at several stations, until we were approaching Dublin, when he wished me good-bye.'

Dr. Moon's work was pre-eminently a work of prayer and faith. He narrates several incidents when his extremity was God's opportunity. On one occasion, at the close of the week, there was no money in hand to pay his workmen. He prayed that money might be sent, when a person called with a note, enclosing two bank-notes, from two ladies. At another time, a few minutes before the time for paying his workmen, a £10 note came by post from an anonymous friend. A still more remarkable incident occurred in connection with a debt of £22 owed for printing and stereotyping materials belonging to the work. After much prayer, the promise was made to pay the money on a certain day. The evening before that day there was nothing in hand, but in the morning a lady arrived with the exact sum. She explained how she had been forcibly impressed that Dr. Moon's work needed help, how she had taken out of her cash-box a £5 pound note, and, feeling that it would not suffice, a second, then a third, then a fourth. These she put in her purse, which already contained two sovereigns a fact which she had forgotten. The purse with its contents, £22, was given by one who little knew at the time how she was the instrument of answer to prayer.

The happy work went on, but the evening of life was at hand. Even in the time of great weakness he earnestly begged to be allowed to tell the good tidings. He had often prayed that he might be enabled to work to the very end of his life. This wish was granted. On Oct. 7, 1894, he addressed the blind at Brighton Town Hall, during the meeting requesting that the hymn 'God be with you till we meet again' might be sung a second time. He little thought that the next meeting would be in eternity. On Oct. 10 he returned from his usual walk about six o'clock. By half-past six he had passed gently away. Wondrous things, the things of heaven, were on that day revealed to him from whose eyes had been taken away the sight of earthly things. But it had not been a dark life. Not long before his death he thankfully said to a visitor, 'It has been for me a long night, but a bright day. God has been pleased to give me the talent of blindness, and I have tried to do my best to use it.'

He had well served his generation, especially striving to bring light to those who were physically blind, and those who were spiritually blind. His life is a brilliant example of what Christian zeal and Christian love can do. If any one said to him, 'I cannot do this or that,' he always replied, 'You should never say that.' Thousands of his fellow-sufferers owe to Dr. Moon much of the sunshine of their afflicted lives.

Waking Up on Missions.

(By Grace W. Hoekje, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

If you want to make the best of your life, you need for a friend such a girl as Mary. Talk of a person's life being complete—I never half lived my life till I knew Mary. Mary is chairman of our missionary committee, and I am president of the Christian Endeavor Society,so I have a good opportunity to study her work and admire the worker. She seems to know just how to do everything. I think I shall always remember a little speech she made at their first committee meeting: 'We of the missionary committee ought to know just as much as we expect the rest of the society to know; we ought to give as much as we want them to give; we should be as interested in missions as we want them to be.'

I thought then that she had set herself a long, hard task if she expected that of John Derks, who was brought up on 'penny a week for missions.' And Dr. Baas, so busy he can attend only the Consecration meetings; and Jennie Tanis, who has learned all she knows about missionary work since she was put on the committee. And a task it was, I suppose, but she got all her committee working—all except Jennie Tanis. I told her one day, 'I guess, Mary, you will have to give up. Jennie does everything you ask her to do, and I don't think she will ever get so far that she begins any work of this kind herself.'

'Do you think so?' she asked with a queer little smile. 'Now I think all she needs is education. What would you think of taking her along with us to Detroit?'

'To the Christian Endeavor Convention? Oh, Mary, are you going, too?'

'Yes, I've been saving for it ever since it was decided to have it in Michigan this year. I have been talking to Jennie about it, and she is thinking about spending her vacaton at the convention instead of some summer resort. I had to use all my powers of argument, though, and now I want your influence, too.'

Well, we did it. Generally, when we two are agreed on anything, and ask for it, we receive. Strange, isn't it, how many Bible promises come true, if we try them. There is one, 'If a man lack wisdom,' that came true in all this committee work; then when we got real puzzled, there was, 'My God shall supply all our need'; and now, 'If any two of you are agreed as touching anything.' I think it wonderful that God will prove these promises for common people,and Mary thinks so, too. There is another promise that we had only partly proved, 'Not one good word shall fall to the ground.' But we trusted ,and worked. Before we had gone many miles on our way to the convention, Mary began:

'Well, Jennie, do you know what you are going to this convention for?'

'I? Why, I—I don't know. What are you going for?'

Just as I thought, she had no idea of gain-

ing anything in particular from this chance of a lifetime. I tried to explain:

'You see, Jennie, we get so much more good if we have some aim in going to any large gathering of this kind. There is so much that has to be left out, that we must decide what we want, and then put ourselves into the way of getting it. Now Mary—'

'Mary is going to get a message of what her Father wants her to do. I want to get closer to him, to meet him face to face'; then her eyes filled, but after a minute she went on: 'And so I have put a big black mark around the quiet hours, and one of the daily Bible studies. You said, Annie, that you wanted all the committee conferences and ways of working meetings. And you, Jennie, maybe didn't know that we expect you to learn all you can about missions.'

Now wasn't that a bold stroke? And it worked like a charm. Jennie objected a little at first, of course, but she is one of those girls that like to be managed, as most girls do, and before we stopped talking Jennie had agreed to listen for the missionary cause.

She began with the opening meeting on Wednesday evening, and there could not have been a better beginning. Just enough of the foreign in the talk and dress and appearance of those responding to the welcome to show that they were from some other country, and still so little that one wanted to get nearer, to ask questions and hear more. Jennie's only comment on the meeting was: 'Those foreign representatives were interesting, weren't they? But I wish Wm. I. Chamberlain had been there.'

That was a concession, but it was not what we expected and wanted. So long as she got no farther than to call an address 'interesting' in the same tone that she spoke of the decorations as 'beautiful,' she had not heard anything to stir her to independent, self-forgetful action.

Thursday afternoon came our Denominational Rally. We got there late, and the Rev. J. Vander Erve, of Grand Rapids, had just began to speak. Then after him came Dr. Brett, and Pres. Kolyn, and Dr. Elliott, Well, if that was not enough to make us Michigan people feel that this was our work, I don't know what could. To begin with Grand Rapids, with people we knew ,and gradually widening out to take in the extremes of our American church field. I knew the charm was beginning to work when I saw Jennie's pencil flying over her note book. And such singing! I know we never before got so much enthusiasm into our Dutch singing. If she had gone home now, she would have been a worker for the lookout committee.

But she didn't go then! Chairman Kinports called for William I. Chamberlain, of India; the man that used to carry the message on a high-wheel bicycle, and in half a minute he had us all laughing at the unfamiliar jargon flowing from his lips. But there was deep interest and earnestness before he closed. I caught Jennie's look of dismay and asked, 'What's the matter?'

'I can't remember a single syllable of that funny language. I want to tell our society what it sounds like, and I can't. If only I could sing just one line of "Jesus Loves Me" like they do in India.

When the Rev. H. V. S. Peeke rose to speak for Japan, Mary whispered, 'He looks something like the pictures you see of Chinese, doesn't he?' When I looked at Jennie again, she was writing 'Rev. A. Paige Peeke, Japan!' But I don't suppose that was much worse than most of us would do. Taking into account our advantages,I should be able to name all the foreign missionaries in our Church, and I couldn't do that—then. But before Mr. Peeke got through speaking, I resolved to learn their names at least. Just to think that they work with the consciousness that theirs is not success work, it is only try work, endeavor work. To keep on blindly working, year after year, and perhaps see no result. And all the while the people at home, who should be encouraging, strengthening them, live care free, thoughtless, perhaps not even knowing that there are such workers.

By this time we were eager to hear more, but we needed something to bring the responsibility nearer to us, and it came when Nellie Zwemer was announced. All Michigan people know Nellie Zwemer, but of the important part of her life, out in China, we were as ignorant as of the work of any of the rest. Strange how often our knowledge and interest in people's work is bounded by the coast line of our country; But when she told of the C. E. pledge those Chinese take, I did some more hard thinking. When those pig-tailed, almond-eyed people, with centuries of heathenism behind them, read their Bibles every day and have family prayers, and when they leave out of their pledge the clause, 'take some part in every meeting,' because every Christian does that, and the missionaries do not want to suggest that there could be another way; then we with Christian parents and Christian training, may well look to our conduct.

Jennie got good from the meeting, too, I know, but all she said was 'I didn't know missionary work was like that. I thought it was so easy:'

Mary said, 'It was a wonderful meeting.' And it was. The great missionary meetings in the tents on Monday morning were revelations in inspiration and education, but this little Thursday afternoon meeting touched the heart.

When we got back home again, Jennie proved a worker for missions. A society doesn't generally work harder during the summer than it does during the winter, but ours did. When two people like Mary and Jennie wake up, they can make others do something. Of course, I helped, too—a person had to, after the privileges of the convention. Yes, we are still at work, with Mary in the lead. And Jennie—the most wonderful thing—Jennie went away a week ago to a medical course in the University. She will make a good doctor, so cool and self-possessed, but it will be over on the other side of the world.

Mary is going half-way to the other side, but on the western frontier, next summer when a certain Theological Seminary sends out its graduates.

Two made missionaries at that wonderful meeting. And the other one? Oh, yes! Some one has to keep the light burning at home, and spread the good of the convention over our society, and that's the work that has been left for me.

'Cigarette smoking blunts the whole moral nature. It has an appalling effect upon the whole system. It first stimulates and then stupefies the nerves. It sends boys into consumption. It gives them enlargement of the heart, and it sends them into the asylum. I am a physician in several boys' schools, and I am often called in to prescribe for palpitation of the heart. In nine cases out of ten it is caused by the cigarette habit.'—Dr. C. A. Clinton, of the San Francisco Board of Education.

'Too Great a Risk.'

(By Marion Harland, in 'The Housewife.')

Some one—Mrs. Blount, I think—was speaking of the story current when Lady Jane Franklin was appealing to kings and councillors for assistance in prosecuting the search for her husband. According to this rumor, she was exceedingly averse to this last voyage of Sir John's. So strenuous was she in her opposition, and he so inflexible in his purpose, that they parted in coldness, if not in anger.

We were wives—all six of us gathered about the tea table—and we discussed the piteous tale quietly, each heart supplying its own comments and making its own application, unspoken until Mrs. Dana said, in a tone that sounded strained to my ears, tranquil though she looked:

'Yet who of us has not known the secret bitterness of such useless repentence as poor Lady Franklin is said to have suffered? I think not a day passes in which I do not say to myself—"If I had only known! If I had only known *' I was not twenty-one when I had the lesson that will last me all my days. The dearest friend I ever had, or ever shall have,—a girl about my age, dropped in unexpectedly one evening when I was entertaining half a dozen fashionable visitors, men and women. Mary Allen's little finger was more to me than all of them put together, but I was mean enough to be mortified when she appeared. She was a very pretty girl, usually. On that night she was positively plain, without color and with haggard lines in her face that made her look at least thirty years old.

'She had been to town on a shopping expedition and got caught in a shower. I can see her now,'—passing her hand nervously over her closed eyes, then opening them as with an effort. 'Her skirts were draggled and limp; all the curl was out of her hair and the stray locks streaked her forehead untidily; her bonnet was not straight upon her head; her boots were muddy, and her hands ungloved. As she stopped short in the drawing-room door, blinking in the glare of the chandelier, and confused at sight of the gay party, I had but one thought—to get her out of the way as quickly as possible. I said to myself afterwards that it was for her sake as much as for my own. I lied in saying it ,and I knew it.

'I was seated near the door, chatting with a dashing young fellow, a so-called wit with an unsparing tongue.

'"Ah, Mary *"—I said, without moving,and in a civil patronizing way—"Please step into the library, and wait for me there.'

'She went with never a word. I heard her cross the hall and enter the library.

'"Don't let us detain you," begged one of my visitors, supposing, as I meant she should that the new-comer was a dressmaker, or may be a servant come with a message.

'"Oh, she can wait as well as not," I answered, and rattled on with our talk, the more gayly for a twinge in my conscience We had some music and a great deal of badinage and much laughter. I rang for cake and coffee at nine o'clock, and the visitors stayed half an hour longer. I had 'a good time" in spite of my conscience. I could easily make it all right with Mary, who was, no doubt, amusing herself with a book. She had the sweetest disposition in the world, and was always reasonable. She would understand just how it had happened, being as much at home in our house as in her own. Had my mother been in ,I should have sent Mary up to her. As it was, what could I do but get her out of range of critical eyes?

'Well! my fashionables took leave at last, and in the hall one of the ladies said to me. —"I am afraid we have been inconsiderate in keeping you all this time from your"—I caught the motion to say "friend" upon her lips, then she changed the form and said, "your visitor."

'I answered more loudly than I knew,—

'"That is all right! My motto is, 'Pleasure before business."'

'Mary met me in the library door when they had gone. She had had commissions to do for me, in town, and she held my memorandum in one hand with some money. She was very pale and spoke fast, breathing short and irregularly.

'"I got everything you ordered, Carry, and here is your change. Everything will be sent by express ,except this," giving me a small box. "As you wanted that in time for your mother's birthday, day after to-morrow, I thought it better to bring it to you myself. No, I can't sit down. I wish you could have seen me when I came in. I have waited a long time. I ought to have been at home an hour ago. I came by purposely to give you the box." Then, with the strangest smile I had ever seen on her face, she said,—"But, you see, with me business came before rest and bed.'

'I felt the color flash to my forehead. It is always exasperating to have your own words flung into your teeth.

'"I am sorry you put yourself to so much trouble," I said stiffly. "There was no necessity for it. I could have sent for the box in the morning just as well."

'Then something pushed me on to add—"Of course, I am greatly obliged to you. But while we are speaking frankly, let me repeat a clever thing you said the other day:—"He who reminds me of a favor cancels it."'

'She laughed as queerly as she had smiled.

'"So be it! We will consider all favors done and received cancelled up to date—and forever! Good night!"

'I was too angry to stop her as she went away at that. I stayed angry all night and the next day, and on the evening of the second day my father asked me at supper time if I knew that Mary Allen was dangerously ill. He had met her father on the street. She had had a chill on the train coming home, after getting soaked in a shower, had kept on her wet clothes for hours, and arrived at home after ten o'clock, delirious. Pneumonia of the gravest type had set in that night.

'I rushed around to Mrs. Allen's like a mad creature. Mary was too ill to be seen by anybody. Mrs. Allen was very kind, but would not let me go upstairs.

'"We have heard from a friend who was on the train with her on Tuesday evening that she had a chill on the way out. She made light of it, and said she would be all right next day. She reached the station at eight o'clock. Delirium must have come on at once,for she did not get home until ten.'"

The narrator's face worked convulsively, and I put a deprecating hand upon hers.

'Don't go on!' I pleaded. 'But we thank you for the solemn lesson.'

She rallied voice and composure.

'There is little else to tell. She died four days from the evening of her call upon me. She never recovered consciousness. That was thirty years ago.'

Mrs. Sargeant's voice never breaks up a silence. It stole out of it presently into gentlest speech:

'I am literally afraid to part in anger from anybody. The risk is too great.'

And Mrs. Blount—in something betwixt a sob and a laugh,

'I needn't be ashamed, then, to tell that I have, again and again, called my husband back from the front door—and even from the corner of the street—to ask forgiveness for a hasty word. I always say to myself, by the time his back is turned—"What if he should never come home alive?" As Mrs. Sargeant says, I can't take the risk.'

'Is it coincidental—or providential—that I should have clipped this from the paper to-day, and put it into my pocket-book for future reference?' said Mrs. Sterling, in grave tenderness.

I wish I could convey to the reader's ears, with the lines, the cadences of the voice that rendered them for us:

I might have said a word of cheer
  Before I let him go;
His haggard visage haunts me yet,
  But how could I foreknow
That slighted chance would be the last
  To me in mercy given?
My utmost yearning cannot send
  That word from earth to heaven.

I might have looked the love I felt;
  My brother had sore need
Of that for which (too shy and proud)
  He had no words to plead.
But self is near, and self is strong,
  And I was blind that day;
He sought within my careless eyes,
  And thirsting, turned away.

Ah, word and look and touch withheld!
  Ah, brother heart, now stifled!
Dear life, forever out of reach,
  I might have cheered and filled!
Talents misused, and chances lost,
  O'er which I mourn in vain,—
A waste as barren as my tears—
  As desert sands to rain!

Ah, friend! whose eyes to-day may look
  Love into living eyes;
Whose word and look perchance may thrill
  Sad hearts with sweet surprise,—
Be instant, like your Lord, in love,
  And constant as His grace,
With light and dew and manna fall;—
  The night comes on apace.

The Girl Who is Different.

(By Mabel Nelson Thurston.)

You have thought that it was your poverty that shut you out from making friends. Never! It is the pride that makes you hold the poverty so persistently between yourself and others. If you have anything to give—sturdy cheeriness, loyal affection, quick sympathy, gracious wit—be sure that friends will find their way to you. One of the happiest girls I ever knew was probably the poorest girl in her class. She might have made herself wretched over the shabby,awkward, 'made-over' clothes that were undoubtedly conspicuous among the pretty dresses of her schoolmates; but she never seemed to give the matter a thought. It was real things that she was seeking—friends and knowledge and days to make happy memories—and she found them all. When she left school she was rich in friendships, both with teachers and pupils; the books she had studied had become part of her life; and among all the girls, none had more keenly enjoyed the clubs and papers and harmless happy nonsense of the school jokes and merry-makings than this girl. Yet she had neither money, beauty, nor fascination—she had only a brave, sunny, commonsense. She would not see any difference between herself and others, and so—there was no difference!

'But she was not shy,' some girls says. 'It isn't that I don't want to or don't try to be like others; it's that I don't know how to talk to them. I've tried—you don't know how I've tried; I'd give anything in the world to, but I just can't!'

A girl was talking with a friend, one day. 'I get along with any one, but I—once in a while, here and there, I find a stranger with whom I touch somehow, but with others I can never think of anything to say. I know they are always relieved when they can get away from me to some one else.'

The other girl looked up, smiling slightly. 'I had to,' she answered, simply. 'Mother was ill for so long, you know, and I had to try to take her place. At first it seemed as if I couldn't, for I was as shy as anybody well could be; but I wouldn't give up—I wouldn't give myself a chance to think of it. If I went into a roomful of people, I'd begin talking to the nearest one. Many and many a time I didn't know at first what I was talking about, it was all such a blur and confusion, but it didn't make any difference. I made myself say something. After a while, it began to grow easier, and now—why, now, I just enjoy it.'

Have you ever tried it like that, you girls who are shy? Girls, dear girls, are you honestly trying at all to conquer this morbidness? For it is really that; not selfishness, perhaps, but selfulness, that keeps your thoughts fastened inward instead of reaching out into the wide world about you.

There is no subtler form of selfishness than that which makes us, even while we long to be popular, pride ourselves upon our 'sensitive plant' natures, as if it were the mark of a great soul not to be able to 'get along' with people! How much we miss by it—how much of joy and experience and glad comradeship which would have made us richer all our lives—how much of the deeper joy of helping others!—'Forward.'

Not to be Balked.

A comparison made by an old carpenter twenty years ago, may be applied in a much wider sense than he had in mind. He was speaking of two boys, brothers, who had been sent to him to learn the trade. They were bright boys, and their father, in telling the carpenter of his pleasure at their progress in their work, said he could not see but one had done just as well as the other.

'Um-m!' said the carpenter. 'I presume to say their work looks about of a piece, but I'll tell you the difference betwixt those two boys. You give Ed. just the right tools, and he'll do a real good job; but Cy, if he hasn't got what he needs, he'll make his own tools, and say nothing about it.

'If I were cast on a desert island and wanted a box opened, I should know there'd be no use asking Ed. to do it, without I could point him out a hammer.

'But Cy!' added the old carpenter, with a snap of his fingers. 'The lack of a hammer wouldn't stump that boy! He'd have something rigged up and that box opened, if there was any open to it! I expect Cy's going to march ahead of Ed. all his life.'

Twenty years have proved the truth of the words; for, while the boy who 'made his own tools' is rich, his brother is still an ordinary workman.—'Youth's Companion.'

I have not tasted beer, wine or spirituous liquor since 1861, and I know that total abstinence from alcoholic liquors has been the cause of perfect health with me up to the present day. I have cruised in all parts of the world; ate the fruits of the country without limit at all hours of the day and night; drank the water from shore at will; but have never experienced any evil results, due entirely, I think, to total abstinence. Rear-Admiral Phillip.

Something Got Awake.

(Rev. J. F. Cowan.)

Little Ted was marching down the garden walk with a lusty tramp, tramp, tramp, which looked very much as though he were in earnest about something, and did not care for a few specks of dust upon his shoes. In his hand he held a stick with a strong grip upon it had been a living thing, I am sure would have made it cry out, 'Oh, Master Ted; please don't pinch me so hard!'

But the stick didn't cry out, nor tell any stories, either, out of school, as to where Master Ted was going or what his purpose was. His own face did, though; at least, any one who looked at it might have read that he was thinking about something ugly.

Before and all around him stretched long borders and neatly-kept squares and circular and star-shaped beds of flowers; but Ted was facing towards one particular bed which was the especial property of his sister Annie.

'Ted will smash 'em all down,' he muttered to himself as he went along, his little eyes almost snapping sparks of fire and his small fingers clenching the stick still tighter. 'She needn't have stepped on Ted's bed, and broke down his pretty flowers. Ted will break hers and make her mad.'

And with this muttered threat his feet turned from the beaten path and tramped, tramped, tramped, down a side course toward the poor, beleagured little flower-bed. He had almost reached it, and the stick was raised partly over his head, ready, after he had taken a step or two more, to fall upon the object of his destruction, when suddenly something got awake in Ted's bosom, under his gingham apron. A voice which he had never heard before, or, at least, never so distinctly as now, seemed to speak to him, saying, 'Ted mustn't; it's naughty. Annie didn't mean to. Be a good boy and forgive her.'

He halted just where he was, but he was not yet ready to give up. Again the little fingers might have been seen renewing their tight grip upon the stick, and again the flush of anger came back upon the little face, and the threatening movement of the instrument of destruction which was held over the heads of the flowers was renewed, when

DRAWING LESSON.

the thing within him which had so suddenly waked up, showed itself more wide awake than ever.

'No, no!' it seemed to say to him, 'Don't! It will be very wrong. Mamma will look sad. You'll feel mean when you say your prayer to-night, and Annie will break her heart crying.'

The next moment the stick dropped to the ground, and, with a quick, retreating movement, two little feet sped back over the garden walk and never paused until they stood by mamma's side in the kitchen.

'Why, Ted!' she exclaimed in surprise. 'Where have you been, and what's the matter with my little boy?'

'Been in the garden,' said Ted, promptly, 'to smash Annie's flowers.'

'Oh, Ted!' said her reproving voice, 'You didn't?'

'No, mamma, I was going to; but I didn't. Something got awake in me, and wouldn't let me; so I ran back to you, and now I can say my prayers to-night and not feel mean about it.'

Then mamma began to understand that her little boy, for the first time consciously, perhaps, had encountered and overcome the great enemy of every human soul —temptation.

Do you know what got awake within him? Can you remember, as you read this, the first time it got awake in you? And did you obey it as Ted did? I hope so.—'Zion's Herald.'

The Children of Spain.

A lady, a college professor, now in Spain, has written a letter to the New York 'Times' describing the children in Madrid. She says that in the parks the children play gayly, and are very noisy. They fly kites, play crack-the-whip, tag, and leap-frog; they also use the sling, and play soldier, using pewter

swords—a favorite plaything with Spanish boys. The little girls jump the rope, roll hoops, and dance, teaching one another the steps. The Spanish children play theatre, acting plays that they have seen or things occurring of which they hear. They have toy theatres, dolls being arranged to take the place of actors. Recently one family of Spanish children made a fleet of paper boats. Some were Spanish and some American war vessels. The Spanish war vessels were sunk, because these children 'prefer to play the truth,' they say.

The children of Madrid are very greatly interested in the king of Spain, Alphonso XIII., now thirteen years old—'the first child born a king since Christ,' the Spanish people say. The children will hurry to any point where it is thought the young king may be seen, and wait patiently. Often the royal carriage whirls by so rapidly that only the king's hand is seen as he returns the salutations of the crowds. At the seashore, where the king takes his bath, he is attended to the water by two giant soldiers, who hold his hands on each side. When the king is gone, the children imitate this, taking turns as the king or attendants. This lady is very enthusiastic over the beautiful manners of the Spanish children, even the babies. She says that if you admire anything they have, they insist on giving it to you. A little girl who had been on a picnic all day, and reached home at night tired and fretful, would not allow herself to be carried into the house first; she motioned for the older people to precede her, saying as she motioned to the door, 'After you, and may you all rest well!' A little child of seven on a long drive refused a glass of water until all had been served, even the driver. At night they wish, 'May you rest well.' In the morning they ask, when they meet you, 'Have you rested well?' If you visit their schools and are in a hall, a child entering or leaving a class-room will not close the door, lest you would think they did not want you to enter. These manners are not company manners; the children treat servants, beggars, all whom they meet, in this way. They are never rude. The voices of the Spanish children are shrill, but they are kind to one another, and gracious to all the people they meet.—'Outlook.'

Careless Hilda.

Hilda Thorpe's father was very ill, and Dr. Andrews said he must have an operation immediately. Miss Le Grice had called that morning on her way home to the Hall, and had promised Mrs. Thorpe a ticket for the infirmary, to which her father was a subscriber. Hilda was to fetch it that afternoon. Poor, anxious Mrs. Thorpe started her off from the cottage door, not forgetting to wrap a warm comforter round her little girl's neck (for it was bitter weather), and gave her many injunctions as to not lingering on the way, or returning without the ticket, as it was so important that her husband should enter the infirmary the next day, and also there were signs of coming snow in the sky.

Hilda started briskly off, and all went well. She obtained the ticket, and started back again with a piece of cake to eat on the way, the gift of the kindly housekeeper. She placed the ticket in her little muff and hurried home, for the sky was darkening, and that curious stillness had come over everything which usually precedes a fall of snow.

As she was passing the Round Pond near her own village, she met a party of schoolfellows who were all sliding. Of course they all begged her to join them for a few 'last slides,' and she, forgetting her mother's instructions, joined heartily in the fun until the snow began to fall softly. Then, snatching up her muff from the bank, she joined her companions in a scamper home. Mrs. Thorpe was looking anxiously out from the cottage door as Hilda ran up.

'How late you are, child, and have you got the ticket?'

'Yes, mother,' answered Hilda; 'it's all right.' But, alas! the ticket was no longer in the muff, and Hilda had to confess that she had been sliding on the Round Pond and had probably lost it there.

Her mother was greatly annoyed, and spoke sternly to Hilda about her selfishness and disobedience. There was no help for it, and off Hilda had to go again in the snow to look for the ticket. There she was found by Dr. Andrews as he drove past in his gig, crying bitterly and searching hopelessly.

The kind doctor got down and helped her for a few moments, and by great good luck the ticket was found, almost covered by the light snow. He drove Hilda back to her home, where indeed Dr. Andrews had been bound when he passed the pond; and on the way he comforted her, though he did not omit to chide her for her carelessness.

However, the end of it was that her good Daddy Thorpe got over his operation in the infirmary, and returned to his happy wife and home to find Hilda much more thoughtful and obedient.—'Adviser.'

Patty-Cake.

(By Albert Bigelow Paine.)

Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!
Love is a jewel, and life is a span;
Summer is here, and the morning is gay,
Let us be babies together, to-day.
Sorrow's a myth, and our troubles but seem,
The past is an echo, the future a dream;
Plenty of mornings to worry and plan!
Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!

Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!
Roll it and prick it as fast as we can;
Roses and lilies for baby and me.
Roll it and prick it and mark it with T.
Roses and liles and daisies that come
Down from the garden that dimples are from,—
Let us be babies as long as we can!
Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!

—'The Independent.'

That's the Way.

Just a little every day,
That's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow.
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst.
Slowly—slowly—at the first.
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,
That's the way
Children learn to read and write
Bit by bit, and mite by mite.
Never any one, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power
Slowly—slowly—hour by hour
That's the way!
Just a little every day.
—'Waif.'

LESSON XIV., SEPT. 30.

Review.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.'—Jas. i., 22.

LESSON I.—Matt. xiv., 22-33.

Where was our Saviour while his disciples were out in the storm?
Did he know of their trouble?
What did he do for them?
What did Peter do when he saw Jesus?
What did Peter do when he looked away from Jesus?
What did the others who were in the boat say to Jesus?

LESSON II.—John vi., 22-40.

Why did the multitude try to find Jesus?
Where did they look for him?
What did the Lord say to those that sought him?
Who is the giver and sustainer of all life?
Which is more important, the life of the body or the life of the soul?
What wonderful assurance and promise does Jesus give to those who will take him for their life?
Will the Saviour ever cast out any one who comes to him?

LESSON III.—Mark vii., 24-30.

When Jesus had gone into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, who came to him?
What was her request?
How did the Lord answer her?
For her faith and humility, what did Jesus do?

LESSON IV.—Matt. xvi., 13-26.

What did Jesus ask his disciples?
Who declared him to be the Messiah?
As soon as they declared their faith in him what did Jesus begin to teach them about?
Who then spoke against the sufferings Jesus was to endure?
How did our Lord rebuke him?
Is it possible to follow Jesus and at the same time be following our own self-will?
Is this life more precious than the life to come?
Is an earthly gain to be compared with the assurance of salvation?
How can we follow Jesus?

LESSON V.—Luke ix., 28—36.

Who did our Lord take with him when he went up into the mountain to pray?
What change took place in his appearance?
Who came to talk with Jesus as he prayed?
What did Peter say when he awoke and saw the glories?
How did God speak to the disciples?
What did he say about Jesus?

LESSON VI.—Matt. xviii., 1-14.

Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?
How can we become citizens of that kingdom?
How should we treat the little ones in Christ's kingdom?
Is self-indulgence worth more than eternal life?
Why did our Lord come to earth as the Son of man?
Repeat the parable of the lost sheep.
Is our Father willing that any soul should perish?

LESSON VII.—Matt. xviii., 21-35.

What did Peter ask about forgiving his brother, and what did Jesus answer?
How was the kingdom of heaven likened to a king taking account of his servants?
If God forgives you the awful debt of sin against him, can you not forgive your neighbor the little debt of offence against yourself?
Can God forgive those who will not forgive others?

LESSON VIII.—John ix., 1-17.

What did Jesus do for the man who had been born blind?
What had the man to do himself?
What did the neighbors say about it?
How did the man testify?
What did the Pharisees do about it?

LESSON IX.—John x., 1-16.

What does the good Shepherd do for his sheep?

The lamb is in the fold,
Secure and safely penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end:
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

LESSON X.—Luke x., 1-11, 17-20.

How many disciples did Jesus send to prepare the way before him?
What did he tell them to pray?
What directions did he give them?
What did they say when they returned?
In what did Jesus tell them to rejoice?

LESSON XI.—Luke x., 25-37.

What is the law of God?
Who are our neighbors?
What did the good Samaritan do?

LESSON XII.—Luke xii., 13-23.

Why should we beware of covetousness?
Why is it foolish to lay up treasure on earth and have none in heaven?
Relate the parable of the rich fool.

LESSON XIII.—Luke xii., 35-46.

When Jesus comes to reward his servants,
Whether it be noon or night;
Faithful to Him will He find us watching,
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?

C. E. Topic.

Sept. 30.—Our foolish excuses. Luke xiv., 15-24.

Junior C. E. Topic.

POOR EXCUSES.

Mon., Sept. 24.—Refusal to love him.—Mark xii., 30.

Tues., Sept. 25.—Refusal to follow Him.—Matt. xii., 30.

Wed., Sept. 26.—Refusing to be meet for use.—2 Tim. ii., 21.

Thurs., Sept. 27.—Failure to reach out helping hands.—1 John iii., 17.

Fri., Sept. 28.—'No time for that.'—Ps. xc., 12.

Sat., Sept. 29.—'God will not help.'—Josh. i., 9.

Sun., Sept. 30.—Topic—Excuses Christ will not accept.—Luke xiv., 15-24.

How to Prepare a Sunday-School Lesson.

Keep your Bible, lesson helps and a note-book and pencil where you can lay your hand upon them quickly. If you are riding in a waggon or railway car, or on a boat, you can easily slip a lesson quarterly or a leaflet into your pocket. Read the lesson over and over and over many times. Read it as a whole, and then study minutely every verse, every clause, every word. Then test your own knowledge of it by questions which you yourself frame. Your own questions will be the best for you. Then read the Bible text before and after that of the lesson. See the connection. Get a view of the whole scene, or the whole teaching. Next find how other Scripture illustrates this, by studying the marginal references in your Bible. If there is a reference to 'chariots of fire,' for instance, see how many references of a similar character there are in all the Scriptures. The number of these is not large, and you can find them all. Suppose your lesson illustrates faith. Then seek for other characters showing faith, or for other teachings of the book about faith. Use your own mind first in trying to get at the meaning of a passage. Observe how the Revised Version renders the lesson. Note very closely the variations. Sometimes they are very slight, but occasionally they are of deep import. In not a few cases the Revised Version is the only commentary needed.

Obviously we must never fail to seek the aid of the Holy Spirit. As the book was given by the Spirit, the Spirit is the best interpreter. If you do not understand the meaning of a letter you receive, and if it were possible to reach the man who wrote it or dictated it, you would certainly consult him first. The Bible without the Holy Spirit has been likened to electric machinery without electric connections. Turn on the current, and you at once have abundant power for light and motion. What is the difference between an electric wire that is charged and one that is not? The substance of the wire seems to be exactly the same. Electricity does not change it in structure or appearance to our eyes; but the electricity makes it alive. What is the difference betwen a mind and soul charged with the Holy Spirit and one that simply has its natural powers? A man knows how to read the words of the Bible, and he knows the meaning of the words, and through them gets a conception of the thought. He talks about those words, and tries to teach the truth to his scholars. Now let the Holy Spirit be added as an illumination and a force. The results are marvellous. Souls feel that there is a divine power in the words of Scripture. We get a glimpse of Christ's meaning when he says, 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.'—'Sunday-School World.'

How to Illustrate.

How can we gather illustrations? Some pick them out from books of illustrations, where they are nicely classified and labelled. If they wish to illustrate faith, they turn to 'faith' in the book, and read over the stories given there. This is one way, and not the worst way. But you feel somehow that the illustrations thus gathered do not grip your own mind. There is no life in them for you, and of course none for your scholars. Have you not noticed that your own illustrations stir your mind and heart more profoundly than do the best ones that you can borrow? The borrowed ones may be superior in many ways, but they are not most effective, if you borrow them. The world is full of illustrations. The quick observer sees them as he journeys, as he talks, as he reads and thinks, and almost as he dreams. But perhaps you say, 'I have not the mind to see illustrations.' Almost all can train themselves in this direction if they determine to do so. You have found some illustrations, at any rate; and you can find more if you determine to keep alert. Ask, what is it like? This question will develop fruitful analogies. What simple illustrations were used by Jesus! You go to the great parable chapter, the thirteenth of Matthew. The kingdom of heaven is like sowing seed. It is like a grain of mustard seed. It is like unto leaven. It is like unto treasure hid in a field. It is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls. It is like a net. All these were very commonplace things in the land where Jesus taught. In your home, on the farm, in the mill, in the store, in the school, in the church, there are multitudes of things that may be made 'like unto' spiritual things. After the most comprehensive study of the text and the illustrations, one should never neglect the application. Ask, of what use is it for my class to study this part of the Scriptures to-day? What can I get out of it to feed their souls and to help them in loyally serving the Lord Jesus Christ? Let each teacher do his best, after prayer, meditation and observation, to make an application which the Holy Spirit will enforce. 'Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. But shun profane and vain babblings: for they will increase unto more ungodliness.'—'Sunday-School World.'

Temperance

Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VI.—WINE AT THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1. Q.—What other time did Christ have to do with wine?

A.—When he took the cup of the 'Passover' with his disciples in the Lord's supper.

2. Q.—How is the word cup used?

A.—The word 'cup' by a figure of speech is used for the wine it contained.

3. Q.—Was this a fermented wine full of alcohol?

A.—No, it was unfermented wine.

4. Q.—How do you know?

A.—The time that Christ instituted the Lord's supper was the time of the Jewish Passover feast, and Christ was a Jew.

5. Q.—What has that to do with the wine being unfermented?

A.—The Jews were forbidden to have anything fermented in their houses at the time of the Passover.

6. Q.—Did they obey this law?

A.—They did. Search was made for ferment by lamp-light on a certain night; they even searched the cellars, for they were forbidden to eat leaven, raised bread, or have any leaven in their houses. (Exodus xii., 15.)

7. Q.—Of what was ferment a sign among the Jews?

A.—The common sign of corruption.

8. Q.—What wine did they use at the Passover?

A.—Unfermented wine.

9. Q.—Of what was the 'cup' a symbol?

A.—Of the blood of Christ, which signified the redemption of man.

10. Q.—Do you think Christ, who blessed the 'cup' as a symbol of his blood, and that blood signifying the salvation of man, would use the fermented alcoholic wine which among all Jews and even the heathen was a sign of corruption?

A.—No, for Christ came into the world to save sinners, and never blessed or used the fermented alcoholic wine, which has caused millions to die drunkards, thereby shutting them out forever from the kingdom of God. (I. Cor., vi., 10.)

(To be Continued.)

Habits that Bind.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in his report on the condition of the men in the trenches before Santiago, says, 'Those who smoke—and they are in the majority—were suffering agonies for the lack of tobacco. Their nerves were so unstrung in consequence that as a substitute they were smoking grass, tea leaves and herbs.'

Is it right for a man to wilfully form a habit which affects his nervous system in this way, and which is thus liable to unfit him for effective work just at a time when he most needs to be efficient? Is it wise to form a habit which whenever you cannot indulge it makes you suffer agonies?

Alcohol is another drug which creates a craving for itself and causes the man who is in the habit of using it at all freely to feel miserable if he cannot get it. The effects of alcohol are worse than those of tobacco in that it tends to overthrow the mental balance and cause the man who uses it to see everythingin a false light, but the hold which alcohol acquires upon the system is not stronger than that which tobacco acquires; perhaps not quite as strong.

Both of these drugs have also a strong tendency to weaken the moral sense by exciting the imagination and directing it in unhealthy channels.

It is claimed that neither tobacco nor alcohol will injure a man if he uses them in moderation, and a good deal of personal testimony can undoubtedly be produced in support of this claim. But personal testimony cannot always be relied on in such matters, for there are comparatively few people who are sufficiently observant to notice carefully the effects of their own habits upon themselves, and on the other hand the testimony of science is growing more and more adverse to the use of such drugs—especially alcohol.

An ingenious machine has been devised, which, when fastened to the wrist, lets the heart tell its own story by recording the amount of blood which it has to send through the veins and the rapidity and regularity of the flow. To this machine is fastened a light pen that goes up and down with every beat. Its point rests aganist a paper tape which is automatically wound past at the rate of about a half-inch a second. When the heart is beating normally the pen describes a series of smooth, rolling hills. A cigarette—and the sides of the hills become slightly jagged; three or four cigaretts—and the hills become higher and more precipitous; a glass or two of champagne—and the rolling hills are turned into rough mountains, set very close together.

Thus the heart tells its own story of the whip and spur which these drugs apply to it, and although it continues to do its duty patiently, it is weakened by the unnecessary strain and jarring to which it is impelled.

But even if the claim that alcohol and tobacco may be used in moderation without injury could be proved, it does not meet the case. For it is an undeniable fact that both of these drugs have in their very nature a tendency to excess. They stimulate the appetite which they gratify. And while there are undoubtedly some men who can keep the appetite for tobacco or alcohol entirely under control there are a very great many who cannot do so, but who yield little by little, more and more, to the seductive influence of the drug, and who become slaves of habit before they are aware of it.

And those who are thus ensnared are not by any means the weakest men, or the least noble. Many of the finest characters have been unconsciously ruined in this way.

In any case, neither tobacco nor alcohol is necessary to health or to well-being, and the man who wishes to give the Holy Spirit opportunity to work in him and through him must learn to deny himself for the sake of others, even if he thinks that he himself is beyond the reach of temptation.

If we are Christ's the Holy Spirit dwells in us as his temples, and we shall make a terrible mistake if we in any way injure or dishonor these living temples of the Holy Ghost.—'Sabbath Reading.'

Alcohol and the Body.

Among the traditions that have floated down to us on the stream of ages is the one that alcohol is a food and a benefit to the human physiology. It was in a far antiquity, accompanied the unfolding of the ages, and still lives in little minds.

But the human mind has grown. The reflective faculties have been developed. The human forehead has become perpendicular and beetling. Man no longer leaps to conclusions. He plods, he observes, reflects long, and then cautiously deduces.

A new power has arisen. Modern science has been born, and before its august teachings the world is taking a new shape.

On alcohol as a food and a bodily beneficence science speaks, as it is wont, in no uncertain symbols.

Take decaying fruit and allow it to stand under certain conditions. Swarming myriads of microbes invest it. They devour the glucose of the mixture, and in the process of its digestion alcohol is formed. Alcohol is the excrement of the microbe.

That's modern science.

Take four hogsheads of beer and heap them together; down beside them place a loaf of bread. The single loaf of bread contains more nutrition than the entire four hogsheads of beer.

That's modern science.

Take food into the stomach. Digestion and change begin. It is taken up by the absorbents and hurled into the blood; and out of this river of red rises the body with its force, thought, and life. All force, thought, and movement comes from food. Take alcohol into the stomach. When it has become sufficiently diluted with fluids from the walls of the stomach it is taken up by the absorbents, unchanged and undigested, carried to the blood and thence throughout the body—not as blood, but as pure alcohol. It exists in the body as foreign substance, producing fever and inflammation, panic, and consternation, these and nothing more. It cannot make an ounce of force, nor nourish to the smallest degree.

That's modern science.

Take the white of an egg, put it in a glass, and pour on it an ounce of alcohol. After a few minutes pour off the alcohol, and the egg is cooked—cooked as though fried in fire. A large part of the blood is albumen, identical with the white of the egg. When alcohol comes in contact with this, it cooks and coagulates it as fire does the egg white. The cinders from this clog up the capillaries and form the blistered face and proboscis of the toper. Not only this, but it bloats the body with the accumulated ashes of the burnt body itself. It deadens and destroys the stomach till food itself is nauseating. It curdles the grey matter of the brain, and produces delirium and insanity. It deforms the abdomen by enlarging the liver to seven times its size. It eats up the vitality of the body and prepares it for pestilence. It blunts the sensibilities and makes man a fiend. It consumes the intellect and leaves him a fool. Rum is a great quenchless conflagration, raging throughout every nook of the human being, licking up the elements of body and soul, and converting man, made in the mould of his Maker, to a heartless, simpering beast.

That's modern science.

But latter day apologists for rum prate of the beneficence of stimulation. They ignore the fact that alcohol taken at all creates a craving, and leads quite inevitably to inordinate consumption, and talk of the beneficence and wisdom of its use in uniform quantities.

This is ignorance or infamy.

Now, what is stimulation? Whence comes this quickening and additional force? It does not come from the alcohol, nor does it drop from the clouds. It has but one source, the body itself. Adipose or muscle is the fuel. It is simply the body on fire.

But why does alcohol kindle this commotion? Ay, that's the query. That's the sledge that demolishes the drivel of 'moderationists.'

Alcohol when poured into the stomach produces fever and inflammation, for the same reason that a thorn in the flesh produces inflammation. Alcohol in the stomach causes commotion and convulsion, for the same reason that ipecacuanha taken into the stomach produces paroxysm.

All foreign inimical substances when taken into the body cause inflammation and convulsion.

It is the effort of the body to throw off and rid itself of an invading and hostile substance. This is the philosophy of all stimulation.

Alcohol is a foreign drug. It is a poison and an enemy to the body. This the body recognises from its innate nature. And whenever it is poured into the body, the body begins to fight to expel the intruder, and this war is waged till the drug enemy is driven beyond its dominion. This war is called stimulation. A mustard plaster, the virus of the rattlesnake, or a red-hot stove, will stimulate as well as alcohol.

What must be said of the practice of daily pouring into the body some inimical drug, some poison, for the excitement of its expulsion? It is the climax of madness. What must be said of a human being who, made in a mould of God, persists in defiling himself with periodic pollutions of a nauseous and deadly poison? Sense and science have but one answer—ignorance or infamy.—'Wit and Wisdom.'

A medical man, discoursing upon the absolute necessity of alcohol to the highest physical development, asserted positively that the mission of alcohol is a better physical development of man. A clergyman inquired, 'Do you believe the Bible?' 'Certainly I do, as sincerely as yourself,' was the prompt reply. 'If your position be correct,' continued the clergyman, 'what will you do with the fact that when God would make the strongest man that ever lived—Samson—he commanded not only the son to be a total abstainer, but the mother also, even before Samson's birth, lest some taint of physical weakness should be imparted to his constitution. God discarded alcohol in giving to the world the best example of physical strength on record. What will you do with that fact?' The doctor was silent.—'Temperance Monthly.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Why Care for the Eyes.

Writing in 'The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette' for April a specialist on the treatment of the eye makes some suggestive incidental remarks about the non-understanding of children's troubles so common among the best of parents:

Headaches, for instance, are amongst the most common complaints of child-life, and yet how frequently are headaches put down to everything but the right cause. As soon as a child has a headache, the mother, if she deems it necessary to consult a doctor at all, sends for the ordinary physician or puts it down to something which has been eaten and has disagreed with the child. Fully 70 percent of the cases of headache, however, from childhood up to the age of twenty, are due to the eyes, and it is the eyes and not the stomach or any other part of the body which should be treated if a cure is to be effected. These headaches are caused by straining the eyes, and it is remarkable how soon they go away, never to return, when the proper glasses have been given and have cured the trouble which has been the cause of the strain.

Teachers are often in error in calling children stupid, when the real trouble is not a defect in intelligence, but in health. More often is this defect to be referred to defective sight, hearing, or to the presence of growths—adenoids—behind the soft palate. This last condition so interferes with the breathing of the child, its voice and general appearance, that one unfamiliar with the effects of such growths can readily be excused for regarding the child thus afflicted as stupid. Children who are unable to see or hear well very soon become listless and inattentive, and are classed as either stupid or indolent.

Again, from a variety of causes, children's eyes become inflamed, and this inflammation is constantly being treated by the parents, who are quite ignorant of the results which might occur from this lack of knowledge. If we remember how delicate the eye is, and how dependent we are on our eyesight, not only for comfort, but for obtaining our daily bread, it seems terrible to think what chances people take in treating their own and their children's eyes themselves, by such things as bread-and-water poultices, or poultices of tea leaves, chamomile tea, witch hazel, Pond's Extract, and other so called simple household remedies, instead of calling in someone who is competent to do so, thoroughly and safely. Indeed, there can be little doubt that many people are to-day in asylums for the blind who would never have been deprived of their sight if they had been regularly and scientifically treated when they were children.

The disastrous effects from the use of alcoholic drinks and tobacco upon sight are well known, producing gradual loss of vision unless their use is discontinued. Whilst the use of alcohol and tobacco does not impair the nerves of sight in every user, its frequency is of sufficient importance to make one cautious in their use.

Children's Clothing.

An English surgeon calls attention to the great discomfort or actual injury caused by ill-fitting garments worn by a growing child. Clothing for young children is usually made in large quantities at a time. All the garments of the lot are cut after a fixed pattern, the different parts being pieced together rapidly and stitched by machine, all at the least possible cost.

The clothes are usually graded according to age, instead of by size, and so a child who is larger or smaller than the average for his years gets a misfit. But even those whose size and age agree are often no better off.

The parent may notice that the child stoops, and cannot be made to carry itself erect. Some one, perhaps the family physician, may suggest that the frock is not loose enough, but the mother demonstrates to her own satisfaction that it is by gathering up folds of the garment in her hand or by running her hand under it.

But if the frock is removed and measured front and back, it will be noticed that the measurements over the chest and the back are the same; in other words the armholes are directly in the centre. If the child's arms were also directly in the centre, the shirt or blouse would be an excellent fit; but the child's anatomy is not so ordered, nature having intended that its chest should bulge out to make room for the lungs, while the back should be flat and more or less rigid.

The effect of this wrongly made garment is that the shoulders are constantly drawn forward, and so the expansion of the chest and the play of the lungs are restricted, and then insult is added to injury, the poor midget being scolded for not sitting up straight.

If the fault is not remedied early, especially in the case of a girl who is not inclined to be a romp and a 'tomboy' (and we may wish for their own physical good that all growing girls were tomboys), the deformed position becomes permanent.

One result of this forced stoop is that proper breathing becomes impossible, and consequently the health is not so good as it should be.

A body garment should always be much fuller in front than in the back. In the case of a young child this will prevent the slightest friction on the tender and easily moulded shoulders; in the case of an older child, who begins to care how he or she looks, it will force the wearer to stand and sit erect, with shoulders back, or else to suffer the mortification of wearing wretchedly fitting clothes.—'Youth's Companion.'

Farmers' Wives.

Too many farmers' wives are wearing out under the strain of mind and body. They say they cannot find time to visit, to read, or to write. But if these same women would re-arrange their plans, instead of letting things go hit-or-miss, they might find time for some recreation.

Each day's work should be arranged the previous evening, and carried out next day as far as circumstances will permit.

To be an agreeable life partner the wife should not be overtaxed. She should not give up all her former friends, and live only in the atmosphere of home. To be able to do the best for her family and self she needs to mingle with others outside of her home. The wife who rises early, and has her hands and mind both taxed, needs a short nap daily, and time for reading in the evening. Thus strength will be retained, the body better able to perform the labors, and the mind at ease, thus securing happiness in the home. Real troubles may find their way there, but we should not always be 'meeting them half-way,' and then we shall have reserved strength to bear them more bravely when they do come.

The wife should be ready to go with her husband to dine, or to a picnic now and then, or to spend a social evening out. We should keep ourselves interested in our friends while we work. With pleasant surroundings the life of a farmer's wife need not be the dull, monotonous one which it is thought by so many to be.

Farmer's wives, see to it before it is too late. Learn to enjoy. Take time to admire the view which surrounds you. Enter into the pleasures of social life. Enjoy the luxuries of your home. Look upon employment as the best preventive of worry, and you will look better, live happier, and die better, than some others whom fortune has smiled upon, and the world deems more enviable. —'Housekeepers' Weekly.'

Ventilate the Cellar.

I have been requested to say a word about cellars, for some people do not see the great importance of ventilating and purifying this part of the home as much or even more than other parts. Mothers should not neglect to see every day their cellar is well aired, by opening all the windows in it, and at the same time be sure that there are no decaying fruits or vegetables in any part of it, or the house. There should be no bad odors in the cellar. I say this emphatically because a mother once said to me when I asked her if she kept the baby's milk in a pure clean place, 'Oh, yes, indeed, I always put it down cellar myself. 'Do you air your cellar? Do you keep fruit and vegetables near the milk?' 'Certainly, I have no other place.' 'Is the milk covered?' 'Oh, no,' she replied, 'we have fresh milk every day; if I should open the cellar windows the flies would get in. The smell of the cellar cannot get upstairs for we always keep the door shut.' Yet this young mother wondered why her baby was not just as well and rosy as the baby across the street, whose food was kept in covered glass and in a pure, clean ice-chest, away from fruit and vegetables.

She had not thought that she could put screens in the cellar windows just as well as in other windows upstairs. But when baby number two came into that home to live, the cellar, the nursery and in fact the whole house was in a beautiful condition, for the little mother had learned that cleanliness (especially in regard to baby and his belongings) is next to godliness, and 'order is heaven's first law.'—'Trained Motherhood.'

Selected Recipes.

When boiling rice for curries, etc., add to the water in which it is boiled a few drops of lemon juice. The grains will then separate themselves easily, and there will be no fear of the rice being waterlogged.

Lettuce Salad.—Prepare two nice heads of lettuce, and lay them for half an hour in ice water; shortly before serving, drain the lettuce and put in a salad bowl. Mix half a gill of oil and half gill of vinegar, with half teaspoonful of salt and quarter teaspoonful of pepper till creamy, and pour it over the salad. If onions are liked, chop one white onion very fine and mix it with the dressing before pouring it over the salad. Some rub a clove of garlic over the salad dish before putting in the salad.

Tomato Salad. — Put six medium sized fresh tomatoes in a frying basket; dip them in a saucepan of boiling water; free them from the skin and lay the tomatoes for one hour on top of the ice. Shortly before serving, cut each tomato lengthwise into six pieces, and lay them in a salad bowl. Mix half gill of oil with half gill of vinegar; add two tablespoonfuls tarragon vinegar, half teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful white pepper, one teaspoonful grated onion and one teaspoonful each of fine chopped chives and English mustard; pour the sauce over the tomatoes and lay a border of small, crisp lettuce leaves around it. Another way is to cut the tomatoes, without peeling, in fine slices, lay them in a salad bowl; mix half cupful vinegar with one teaspoonful sugar, half teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, and two tablespoonfuls water, and pour over the tomatoes. Fine sliced onions may be added, if liked.

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